



## A NEW SONG CALL'D THE CUP OF TEA

Come all you neighbours draw near til I tell you a tale,  
To lend your ear in I'm sure you wvent fail,  
Concerning a couple that lived by th lough,  
And their droll conversation wvill cause you to laugh

As John he came home from the market one day,  
He caught his wvife drinking a wee cup of tea,  
He up wvith his foot gave the table a kick,  
Saying you & your table may go to old nick,

She say's quit your folly I wvould have you be civil  
I wvould comfort my heart if you went to the devil,  
In the publick-house you spent most of your days,  
So crumble that down in your jug if you please,

You will put down the pan & make a pulloo  
You will eat eggs & fresh butter & give me bargee,  
Recuse I dont give a small bit of ham,  
And not one taste you'l a low for poor John,

If you get bur-goo it is very good cheer,  
You can nourish your body with whi-key & beer,  
This is all the comfort I have night or day,  
Ta cheer my poor heart with a wee cup of tea,

You impudent jade now mind what you say,  
You are bound by the laws of the land to obey,  
While I am able I vow & declare,  
I will not allow you the breeches to wear,

To hel' with your breeches & you she did cry,  
You should stoop your head low when you speak of the like  
When I nourish'd our body with mutton & beef,  
The more you were pamper'd the sounder you'd sleep,

You should feel for a man that is hard at his work,  
You can sleep in the morning when I must be up,  
Then you cant suffer my eyes for to close,  
But scratching my shins with the nails of your toes,

The reason of that I will soon let you know  
Tho concealing your faults till my patience is wore,  
When you wake in the night its your pipe you wvill smoke  
And leave me hard by you a maid en to mourn,

Since you have caused me to speak how the truth I'll reveal  
When three months were elaps'd you put me in amaze,  
A collock a collick a collick she cried,  
Wid you go for my mother or else I'll expire,

I wvent for her mother not knowing the design,  
And wvhen I came back sure I had a young child,  
her mother she shov'd me its nose & its face,  
He is just like his daddy may the Lore be yraise'd,

The nabours draw near wvhen they the heard of the fun'  
You made him by steem in the course of three months,  
No a man in the wvorld deserves such a prize  
You must get a yremium ingrov'd with your name,

Now to conclude & to finish my song,  
Give their wvives their own wvay & yhu'ltnever do wrong  
For if you wvould please them from the sop to the toe,  
They'l have the last wvord lieevvise the last blow,